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New National Theatre
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Tuesday Afternoon, January 18, 1916
At 4.30

SOLOIST:
KATHLEEN PARLOW, Violinist

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LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, Conductor

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Tuesday Afternoon, January 18, 1916, at 4.30

Program

Symphony No. 5, in E Minor, Op. 95, ANTON DVORAK
"From the New World"

- I. Adagio; Allegro molto
- II. Largo
- III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace; Poco sostenuto
- IV. Allegro con fuoco

INTERMISSION

"L'Après-midi d'un Faune" CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Concerto in D Major, for Violin and Orchestra NICOLO PAGANINI
(in one movement)

KATHLEEN PARLOW

Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes" FRANZ LISZT

Miss Parlow uses the Knabe Piano

Because of the entity of a symphonic program, and that its continuity may be preserved no encores can be permitted.

Patrons who are obliged to leave the auditorium before the concert is over are asked to withdraw before the last number begins.

It is earnestly hoped that the women patrons of the Orchestra will remove their hats during the performance.

PROGRAM NOTES

BY PHILIP H. GOEPP

Symphony No. 5, "From the New World"

ANTON DVORAK
Bohemian, 1841-1904

In a large view, it would seem that by the fate of servitude the American negro has become the element in our own national life that alone produces true folk-song,—that corresponds to the peasant and serf of Europe, the class that must find in song the refuge and solace for its loss of material joys. So Dvorák perhaps is right, with a far-seeing eye, when he singles the song of the despised race as the national type.

It is more and more remarkable how a search will show the true roundation of almost all of Dvorák's themes. Not that one of them is actually borrowed, or lacks an original independent reason for being. It is also striking how easily we Americans fail to recognize an evident type.

Whether by imitation or not, the pentatonic scale of the Scotch is an intimate part of negro song. This avoidance of the seventh or leading tone is seen throughout the symphony as well as in the traditional jubilee tunes. It may be that this trait was merely confirmed in the African by foreign musical influence. For it seems that the leading-note, the urgent need for the ascending half-tone in closing, belongs originally to the minstrelsy of the Teuton and of central Europe, that resisted and conquered the sterner modes of the early Church. Ruder nations here agreed with Catholic ritual in preferring the larger intervals of the whole tone. But in the quaint jump of the third the Church had no part, clinging closely to a diatonic process.

The five-toned scale is indeed so widespread that it cannot be fastened on any one race or even family of nations. The Scotch have it; it is characteristic of the Chinese and of the American Indian. But, independently of the basic mode or scale, negro songs show here and there a strange feeling for a savage kind of lowering of this last note. The pentatonic scale simply omits it, as well as the fourth step. But the African will now and then rudely and forcibly lower it by a half-tone. In the minor it is more natural; for it can then be thought of as the fifth of the relative major. Moreover, it is familiar to us in the Church chant. This effect we have in the beginning of the Scherzo. Many of us do not know the true African manner, here. But in the major it is much more barbarous. And it is almost a pity that Dvorák did not strike it. A fine example is "Roll, Jordan, Roll," in E flat (that opens, by the way, much like Dvorák's first theme), where the beginning of the second line rings out on a savage D flat, out of all key to Caucasian ears.

We soon see stealing out of the beginning Adagio an eccentric pace in motion of the bass, that leads to the burst of main subject, *Allegro molto*, with a certain ragged rhythm that we Americans cannot disclaim as a nation. The working up is spirited, and presently out of the answer grows a charming jingle that somehow strikes home.

It begins in the minor and has a strange, barbaric touch of cadence. Many would acknowledge it at most as a touch of Indian mode. Yet it is another phase of the lowered seventh. And, if we care to search, we find quite a prototype in a song like "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel." Soon the phrase has a more familiar ring as it turns into a friendly major. But the real second theme comes in a solo tune on the flute, in the major, with a gait something like the first.† Less and less we can resist the genuine negro quality of these melodies, and, at the same time, their beauty and the value of the tonal treasure-house in our midst.

The whole of the first Allegro is thus woven of three melodious and characteristic themes in very clear sonata-form. The second, Largo, movement is a lyric of moving pathos, with a central melody that may not have striking traits of strict African song, and yet belongs to the type closely associated with the negro vein of plaint or love-song. The rhythmic turns that lead to periods of excitement and climaxes of rapid motion, are absent in the main melody. But they appear in the episode that intervenes. Even

†Again, it is interesting to compare here the jubilee song, "Oh! Redeemed," in the collection of "Jubilee and Plantation Songs," of the Oliver Ditson Company.

here, in the midst, is a new contrast of a minor lament that has a strong racial trait in the sudden swing to major and, as quickly, back to the drearier mode. This is followed by a rhapsody or succession of rapid, primitive phrases, that leads to a crisis where, of a sudden, three themes sing at once, the two of the previous Allegro and the main melody of the Largo, in distorted pace with full chorus. This excitement is as suddenly lulled and soothed by the return of the original moving song.

The Scherzo starts in a quick three-beat strum on the chord we have pointed to as a true model trait of negro music, with the lowered leading-note. The theme, discussed later in close stress of imitation, seems merely to mark the rapid swing in the drone of strange harmony. But what is really a sort of Trio (*poco sostenuto*) is another sudden, grateful change to major, perfectly true to life, so to speak, in this turn of mode and in the simple lines of the tune.

The Scherzo now steals in again, quite a piece, it seems, with the Trio. As the rising volume nears a crisis, the earliest theme (from the first Allegro) is heard in the basses. In the hushed discourse of Scherzo theme that follows, the old melody still intrudes. In mockery of one of its turns comes an enchanting bit of tune, as naïve an utterance as any. But the whole is too full of folk-melody to trace out, yet is, in its very fibre, true to the idea of an epic of the people. Presently the whole Scherzo and Trio are rehearsed; but how instead of the phase of latest melodies, is a close where the oldest theme (of Allegro) is rung in lusty blasts of the horns and the wood, with answers of the Scherzo motive.

In the last movement, *Allegro con fuoco*, appears early a new kind of march tune that, without special trick of rhythm, has the harsh note of lowered leading-note (in the minor, to be sure) in very true keeping with negro song. The march is carried on, with flowing answer, to a high pitch of varied splendor and tonal power. The second theme is utterly opposed in a certain pathetic rhapsody. Yet it rises, at the close to a fervent burst in rapid motion. We may expect in the Finale an orgy of folk-tune and dance, and we are not disappointed. There is, too, a sudden rise and fall of mood, that is a mark of the negro as well as of the Hungarian. By a sudden doubling, we are in the midst of a true "hoe-down," in jolliest jingle, with that naïve iteration, true to life; it comes out clearest when the tune of the bass (that sounds like a rapid "Three Blind Mice") is put in the treble. A pure idealized negro dance-frolic is here. It is hard to follow all the pranks; lightly as the latest phrase descends in extending melody, a rude blast of the march intrudes in discordant humor. A new jingle of dance comes with a redoubled pace of bits of the march. As this dies down to dimmest bass, the old song from the Largo rings high in the wood. Strangest of all, in a fierce shout of the whole chorus, sounds twice this same pathetic strain. Later comes a redoubled pace of the march in the woodwind, above a slower in low strings. Now the original theme of all has a noisy say. Presently the sad second melody has a full verse. Once more the Largo lullaby sings its strain in the minor. In the close, the original Allegro theme has a literal, vigorous dispute with the march phrase for the last word of all.

Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"

After the Eclogue of Stéphane Mallarmé

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

Frenchman, born in 1862

From France come the latest zephyrs laden with strange, fragrant harmonies, expressive of a certain modern naturalism, of which the faun is a true symbol. Yet how different is Mallarmé's eclogue from Hawthorne's frolics of a faun, of fifty years ago!

Perhaps the best verbal interpretation of the French poet's "miracle of unintelligibility" was given by Edmund Gosse:*

"A faun—a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak, and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory . . . nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the 'arid rain' of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell. Yet surely there was, surely there is, a . . . whiteness among the brown reeds of the lake that shines out yonder? Were they, are they, swans? No! But Naiads plunging? Perhaps! Vaguer and vaguer grows the impression of this delicious experience. He would resign his woodland godship to retain it. A garden of lilies,

*Quoted by Mr. Philip Hale in his program notes of March 12, 1906.

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goldenheaded, white-stalked, behind the trellis of red roses? Ah! the effort is too great for his poor brain. Perhaps if he selects one lily from the garth of lilies, one benign and beneficent yielder of her cup to thirsty lips, the memory, the ever-receding memory, may be forced back. So, when he has glutted upon a bunch of grapes, he is wont to toss the empty skins into the air and blow them out in a visionary greediness. But no, the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never know which it was. The sun is warmer, the grasses yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshipping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstasy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep."

Débussey's Prelude is scored for 3 flutes, 2 oboes, English horn, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, 2 harps, small cymbals, strings.

The main strain is blown by the flute, in slow, dreamy accents, presently supported by vague harmonies (of harp and wood), with a certain call of the horns. A new theme, of clearer flow and burden, is sung by strings and rises to a height of rapture. The original mood, in the strange, limpid notes of flute, returns at the close.

Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D Major

NICOLÒ PAGANINI

Italian, 1784-1840

The only works of Paganini, published during his life, are the famous Caprices (that Schumann transcribed for the piano), twelve sonatas for violin and guitar and three quartets for violin, viola, guitar and 'cello. He would carry with him on his travels the orchestral parts of his larger solo works that were not published until long after his death. Of the two concertos, in D and B minor, the former exists in an edition by Wilhelmj, scored for the usual complement of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, trombone, kettle-drums and strings.

After an orchestral prelude, *Allegro maestoso*, the solo violin, with the other strings, declares the introductory theme in an incisive attack with instant *bravura* figures, mainly in arpeggio, and presently glides into runs of double stops, for which the magician of the violin was especially famous. A dulcet melody, really the principal subject, sings in foil to the prevailing heroics.

Later follows the second melodic subject, *dolce*, with clarinet and strings.

The whole first part is a long sustained passage of solo violin with orchestra in figures of almost every kind, with double runs, including harmonics, in the highest reaches. After an intervening line of the full orchestra the solo violin re-enters with striking cadenza phrases and sings a duet with the 'cellos in the minor, in a form of canon imitation; then it adorns the song of the clarinet and trumpet with a wealth of obligato phrases. The melody, still in duet with the 'cellos, turns to major with a new variant charm.

The return of the second melody leads to still another sustained series of rapid figures. A brief passage of the orchestra precedes the final cadenza.

"Les Préludes," Symphonic Poem No. 3, after Lamartine

FRANZ LISZT

Hungarian, 1811-1886

This work has a preface by the composer, who refers in a footnote to the *Méditations poétiques* of Lamartine.

"What else is our life than a series of preludes to that unknown song of which the first solemn note is struck by death? Love is the morning glow of every heart; but in what human career have not the first ecstasies of bliss been broken by the storm, whose cruel breath destroys fond illusions, and blasts the sacred shrine with the bolt of lightning. And what soul, sorely wounded, does not, emerging from the tempest, seek to indulge its memories in the calm of country life? Nevertheless, man will not resign himself for long to the soothing charm of quiet nature, and when the trumpet sounds the signal of alarm, he runs to the perilous post, whatever be the cause that calls him to the ranks of war,—that he may find in combat the full consciousness of himself and the command of all his powers."

We cannot look for the "unknown song" in definite sounds. That would defeat, not describe, its character. But the first solemn notes, are not these the phrase that reappears in varying rhythm and pace all about the beginning and indeed the whole course of the music? Just these three notes abound in the mystic first "prelude," and they are the core of the great swinging tune of the Andante maestoso, the beginning and main pulse of the unknown song.

Now (*dolce cantando*) there is a softer guise of the phrase. For death and birth, the two portals, are like elements. Even here the former separate motive sounds, and so in the further turn of the song (*expressivo dolente*), on new thread.

The melody that sings (*expressivo ma tranquilla*) may well stand for "love, the glow of dawn in every heart." Before the storm, both great motives (of love and death) sound together very beautifully, as in Tennyson's poem. The storm that blasts the romance begins with the same fateful phrase. It is all about, even inverted, and at the crisis it sings with the fervor of full-blown song. At the lull the soft guise reappears, faintly, like a sweet memory.

The Allegretto pastorale is clear from the preface. After we are lulled, soothed, caressed and all but entranced by these new impersonal sounds, then, as if the sovereign for whom all else were preparing, the song of love seeks its recapitulated verse. Indeed here is the real full song. Is it that in the memory lies the reality, or at least the realization?

Out of the dream rouses the sudden alarm of brass (*Andante marziale animato*), with a new war-tune fashioned of the former soft disguised motive. The air of fate still hangs heavy over all. In spirited retorts the martial madrigal proceeds, but it is not all mere war and courage. Through the clash of strife break in the former songs, the love-theme in triumph and the first expressive strain in tempestuous joy. Last of all the fateful original motto rings once more in serene, contained majesty.

(Quoted, in part, from "Symphonies and their Meaning," Vol. III, by Philip H. Goepp, J. B. Lippincott Company.)

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